# ABILENE REFLECTOR

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## THE LITTLE OLD MILL.

There's a little rill
At the foot of the hill,
And a little dam,
And a little old mill,
Shabby and still;
And the little old miller who once was there,
With snow-white clothes and powdered hair,
Who measured the grain,
And who took the toll,
He is now as silent and still
As the moveless wheels in the little mill,
And he sleeps in the church-yard, cold and lorn,
Near the little mill where he ground the corn.

Long years ago
In the summer's glow,
And the autumn's blow,
And the winter's snow,
It was full of life;
The waters rushed through the narrow bay,
And the tick-tack song was heard all day,
Grinding the grain
That daily came
Down the crooked lane
To the old mill's door.
Boys and men—men and boys—
Chatted amidst the old mill's noise,
Related their sorrows, spoke of their joys,
Joked and laughed for many an hour
While the miller turned the grists to flour.

Where are they
To be found to-day?
They silent are and still
Like the miller and the mill,
All their grists of life have been ground;
All of them sleep beneath the mound;
For like the mill
At the foot of the hill
They had their day
And passed away.
Some were weak and others were strong;
Some died young, while others lived long—
One by one they dropped by the way,
And not a survivor lives to-day.

But the rill runs along
With the same old song
And the same fresh glow
Of years ago.
Warm and cold, it never grows old;
And its banks still bloom with crimson and gold,
Just as it did when the miller was there
With snowy garb and powdered hair;
And the life-stream flows
Through joys and woes;
And others now ride
On the life-long tide,
Just as those did who went to that mill,
Just as those to follow us will,
Till the wheels of Time shall stand as still
As the rattling wheels of that old mill.

—*West Chester Local News.*

## THE AUTOGRAPH ALBUM.

### My Great Plan, and Why I Finally Abandoned It.

I must be an eminent man, or people would not write me so many letters, tell me all their private affairs, ask for large loans without security, to be faithfully repaid in a few weeks, and beseech my interest for Charles and Mary, who are young and gifted, and need only an opportunity to astonish the world. Above all, they would not flood me with autograph albums, in which I am expected to write a quotation or a "characteristic sentiment." When this popularity was fresh, I used to take some pleasure in signing my name to honeyed phrases from the poets. I besought Heaven to rain sweet odors on ladies I had never seen, and I assured gentlemen with whom I had not the slightest acquaintance that I wore them in my heart of hearts. The result was that the albums came in shoals by every post. Some of them were small, and got mislaid. Others were large, and demanded an impossible physical effort to return them. Many were without the names and addresses of the owners, and these, of course, were accompanied by notes, which I straightway lost, requesting the utmost promptitude of compliance. In a few days came indignant missives expressing surprise that any one calling himself a gentleman could treat with silent neglect a volume which contained the autographs of people so much more eminent than himself. Then there was a touch of sorrowful remonstrances. "Is it possible that you refuse to grant so simple a request from a delicate girl who has to spend the winter in Florida, far from her friends, and has nothing to console her but the signatures of the distinguished people she admires?" What earthly comfort there could be in my crabbed and illegible hand to an invalid in Florida I never could imagine. Then there was a pleasant intimation that some noted rival of mine had sent his autograph with alacrity, thus showing his intellectual and moral superiority to me. Worse than this was an encounter in a street-car with a lady who said: "I think you are the celebrated Mr. Fitzphosphorus." "Madam," I said, "you are mistaken." She gave me a freezing look, and next day I had a letter declaring that the writer knew at last why her book had not been returned, for a man who could lie so unblushingly would probably steal.

Up to this time I had borne these afflictions with exemplary weakness. I took it for granted that when a man is famous he becomes the lawful prey of people who think that as they have made his reputation, the least he can do for them is to sit signing autograph albums all day. The popular formula, leveled at him like a pistol, seems to be something like this: "We buy your books, or your pictures, we pay to see you act, or hear you sing, or watch your gambols on the flying trapeze, therefore your eminence and your fortune are due to us, and we demand that you shall chain yourself to the autographic pen like the galley-slave to the oar. There is nothing in your handwriting that is essentially beautiful or virtuous, but it pleases us to have your sign-manual in our books as a proof of your bondage to those who made you." For a long time I accepted this decree as the penalty of success, but the lady of the street-car roused me to revolt. "It is my misfortune to be eminent," I said to myself, "but this persecution must end." At first I thought I would point out to my tormentor that a fib in a street-car is no worse than a tarradiddle on a door-step, and that I was at least as justified in denying my identity to an autograph hunter as a footman is in blandly closing the door in an unwelcome caller's face, with the conventional "not at home," though his mistress is writing tracts for the young up-stairs. But I reflected that in such a case reasoning by analogy was waste of time. It was too late by several generations to appeal to the common-sense and fair play of the autograph tyrant. Not persuasion, but a blow, was needed; not reason, but retaliation. Then think of the inestimable boon I should confer on the whole race of distinguished people by freeing them from the insufferable yoke of the mediocre and obscure! It was a noble cause, and I fairly glowed with the enthusiasm of the man who has discovered an entirely new field for the spirit of justice and self-sacrifice.

My resolution was taken, but how was it to be carried out? I debated various plans. I might make a practice of returning the albums without the expected autograph. It was pleasant to picture the disappointment and disgust of the despot as he opened his book and found a blank page. But that was not enough. I yearned for a more intense form of irritation. It was not a bad idea to announce in the newspaper that I would not be responsible for the return of albums, and that I intended to devote the postage-stamps sent with them to a fund for the benefit of some asylum for idiots. On consideration I rejected this project because it was too general. I wanted to strike a blow that would be felt individually rather than collectively, to bring home to every autograph fiend the sense of his special, personal inquity. At last I had the happiest thought of all. Why not write scathing and contemptuous quotations in every book? Nobody could accuse me of deliberate libel, for I might say that the quotation was one of my favorite passages. For instance, if I wrote: "Yours with all good wishes, Hubert Fitzphosphorus," and underneath: "A halter gratis," the responsibility would be quite as much Shakespeare's as mine. Or if I addressed a lady thus: "May bloom and beauty rest with you always!" and added this pleasant ambiguity: "Let her paint an inch thick," I should sting without exposing myself to the charge of open outrage. The more I considered this idea, the more I chuckled. I was going to have a horrid revenge, and yet enjoy the security of inverted commas.

The great plan was put into execution without delay. I attacked a mountain of albums, and poured into the enemy a crushing fire of vicarious sarcasm and invective. The ranks of the inquisitors and persecutors reeled before me. I felt I was wiping out a hundred wrongs as I took a curse from Shakespeare and dropped it into a volume in which the autographs of many victims seemed to groan for vengeance. It was ecstasy to write: "These tedious old fools," in the book of a man who said he had been collecting valuable signatures for many years. I spared neither age nor sex. "Frailty, thy name is woman," was my contribution to the album of a lady who, as I afterward learned, was the pious founder of a church and two hospitals; and a friend described to me with much relish the sensation created in an ultra-Protestant family when the daughter of the house received from me the injunction: "Get thee to a nunnery."

I pursued the campaign with unabated ardor and enjoyment until one fatal day when an entirely unforeseen conjunction of events completely turned the tables. I had been visiting for some time at the house of a wealthy citizen whose fortune had been made either by his father or himself in a brewery. Mr. Tankerdale had retired from business long before I knew him, and the origin of his wealth was never mentioned in his household. He had a daughter who took much interest in my eminence, and whose attractions began to make me a frequent guest. She was a fine girl, with rather a high color, which she subdued with those subtle artifices so dear to the hearts of women. Ah, Helena, if you should ever read this confession you may be convinced at last that only a wretched mischance, and not a malignant purpose, made me appear before you as the slanderer of your charms!

I had dined with the Tankerdales one evening, and the conversation turned upon handwriting.

"Yours must be a pretty stiff hand for painting, Fitzphosphorus," said Tankerdale. "Rather suggest a spider with St. Vitus' dance. Now mine is a jolly round hand anybody can read at sight."

"As round as your balance at the bank," said Mr. Cudgell, who was a distant relative of the Tankerdales, not attracted by eminence as distinct from dollars.

"As round as your barrels at the brewery," said I, but not aloud.

"Papa doesn't think much about the character of handwriting," said Helena, sweetly. "To me, Mr. Fitzphosphorous, your hand is quite clear and full of meaning.

"That is because it writes the dictates of the heart," I said, tenderly, in her ear. Unfortunately the effect of this speech was to heighten her color, which was already rather strong. But, oh, Helena, I knew it was natural!

"When I was young," piped an old lady at the other end of the table, "girls used to write a lady-like hand, but now they try to scribble like men. I call it forward, I do. There's Helena, whose writing is that bold that it always makes me blush."

Everybody laughed, and Tankerdale said: "Aunt Jane still writes with a fine old gold pen she used thirty years ago. A modern rib is so broad that it shocks her."

"Do you find the autograph hunters very tiresome?" said Helena to me.

"They are pests," I answered. "If they had been numbered amongst the plagues of Egypt, Pharaoh would either have given in much sooner, or settled the Jewish question by wholesale massacre."

"Give me the autograph at the foot of a check!" murmured Cudgell, in his coffee-cup, with his eye on the host.

"When I was young," said Aunt Jane, "I once had a letter from Grimaldi, the famous clown, you know. Long before your time," added the old lady, looking at me. "Ay, clowns *were* clowns in those days!" She seemed to believe that I was Grimaldi's successor, and a very poor substitute.

"But I hope you don't think every one a pest who asks for your autograph," said Helena.

"By such a request from you, I should feel honored," said I. "But the general nuisance is so great that I am obliged to tell these people what I really think of them." And then I explained my glorious scheme for scarifying the autograph hunter, and emancipating my brothers in distinction and distress.

"Excellent!" said Cudgell; "but wouldn't it be rather awkward if you were to meet some of them, say at a table like this?"

"Mr. Fitzphosphorus knows his friends too well," said Helena.

"Don't be too sure of that," laughed her father. "If you had sent him an autograph album, you might have had a withering quotation like the rest."

At this a curious shiver of presentiment ran through me, and I looked inquiringly at Helena, who had a queerly mysterious expression in her eyes. But here the irrepressible old lady broke in again.

"When I was young," she quavered, "they used to write verses about me. My brother Charles picked up a piece of paper one morning, and said it was dropped by the man who swept the chimney. I remember two lines very well indeed—

"'Queen of Beauty, while you sleep,
Dream you of your chimney-sweep?'"

"Don't you know that I sent you my autograph album?" said Helena, suddenly.

My blood ran cold. "I have not received it," I gasped.

"It was some time ago," she said. "I had never asked for an autograph before, and I thought I would try the effect of the request on the only eminent man I know. I scarcely knew you at all, though, when I sent the album. And to make the onslaught all the more formidable, I sent a book for papa and another for Aunt Jane. But of course you have overlooked them."

I remembered with horror that only that very morning I had cleared off some arrears of albums in a great hurry and a very bad temper, that I had not examined the names of the sender, and had left them to be addressed and posted by somebody else.

Was it a fancy, or did I hear the postman's knock? A few minutes later a servant entered with three books.

"Why, here they are!" cried Helena, gleefully.

"Now, we shall see how Mr. Fitzphosphorus distinguishes his friends," said Cudgell, with a malicious smile. I never liked that man.

"Take some more claret and brace yourself up," said Tankerdale.

But I was far beyond the fortifying aid of claret. I saw Helena glance at one of the books, turn pale and then fiery red, look at the other albums, and then, with one indignant flash at me, rush from the room.

"Hallo!" said Cudgell, "you have been pitching it strong. This is Helena's quotation: 'God has given you one face, and you make yourselves another.' Here's a crusher for you, Tankerdale: 'How like a fawning publican he looks!'"

"By George, sir!" cried my host bouncing out of his chair, "this is a deliberate insult!"

"And here is a sweet thing for Aunt Jane," continued Cudge, striking a dramatic attitude: "'Aroint thee, witch! the rump-fed ronyon cries.'"

The old lady was purple with fury. "Calls me a witch and an onion, does he?" she screamed. "When I was young, my brother Charles would have broken his head. Now there's no one to protect me—no one—though a vagabond out of a circus, a monster out of menagerie—"

Here she broke down and wept. My eminence has nothing to do either with a circus or a menagerie, but I did not dwell on that. I tried to convince them that I was the victim of a disastrous coincidence, but in vain. Helena refused to see me, and returned no answer to the many letters in which I swore by all the sacred symbols of nature that I knew her complexion to be as real as the jewels of her mind.

I have abandoned my great plan. When I am asked for my autograph now, I give it with all my original weakness. If any one who reads this would like to have my signature, I shall be delighted to send it, and pay the postage myself. For somehow it seems to me that I am not so eminent as I was.—*L. F. Austin, in Harper's Weekly.*

### Hypnotism in Spain.

The papers of Madrid, Spain, are full of a hypnotic experiment made at the royal palace. An Italian hypnotist put to sleep a young lady from a family moving in the best circles of the capital. He gave her a raw potato to eat, and suggested it was a fine pie, which the lady pronounced delicious. She suffered a very powerful electric current pass through her without flinching, hid and found objects, and inhaled for a full minute the inhalation of a bottle of ammonia, and pronounced it the most exquisite eau de cologne. Answering questions made by the Queen, the patient described the royal working room, which she had never seen, and named the contents of the pocket in the Queen's dress. The Queen asked the operator if anybody was able to hypnotize, and being told that it did not require any thing but a strong will and absolute concentration of thought the Queen tried immediately and put the girl, who had been awakened, into sleep again and made some successful experiments with her. —*Chicago News.*

### Taking the Safe Side.

Boston Grocer (to customer)—Is that all this morning, Mrs. Beacon? Are you supplied with beans?

Mrs. Beacon (contemplatively)—I am not quite sure about our supply of beans, but to be on the safe side you might send, say, a couple of barrels.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—San Francisco has more representatives in the United States Senate than any two other cities in the country. The California Senators, Stanford and Hearst, have residences in San Francisco, as have also the Nevada Senators, Stewart and Jones. Stewart practices law at the San Francisco bar and Jones is a member of the San Francisco Exchange.

## RUSSIAN COURTSHIPS.

### How Girls Are Wooed and Won in the Muscovite Empire.

The Countess Norrigkow, of St. Petersburg, Russia, has been making the tour of the States during the last six months, and has been stopping in Brooklyn at the house of a friend for two or three weeks before departing for her home. Speaking to a reporter of courtships in Russia she said:

"I will tell you a story of love-making in Russia. In this my countrymen and women differ somewhat from the Americans and those of other climes. They are inclined to be a little more demonstrative, less given to concealing the feelings of the heart, and less inclined to regard money as a necessary consideration in the settlement of affairs of the heart. When a Russian girl loves she loves with her whole heart and being. Her love surmounts every obstacle.

"It is the custom of Russian young folks to meet together by appointment in the long, stormy winter evenings, selecting the house of each by turn. The evening's pleasure begins by the young men inviting their fair friends to join them in forming a circle. This done, they all join in singing, after which one of the girls selects her young gentleman—(moi miloi) my love, as she calls him—and leads him into the middle of the circle; then walks back and forth chanting a love song, in which the rest of the guests join.

"Next in turn come the young men. Each select a partner and go through the same performance, the whole affair terminating with dancing, after which each swain escorts the object of his choice to her home. When the time arrives for a declaration to be made the youth, accompanied by some member of his family, proceeds to the home of his lady love and there makes known his errand to the girl's parents.

"The mother, not at all surprised, usually reads the young man a long lecture on the duties and burdens of a married life, bewailing all the ills and speaking of but few of the blessings, and ends by declaring that her daughter is too young to marry yet and be given over to the cruel tyranny of a husband. All this is but a custom which must be observed, that the young man may not think his bride too easily won. A stirring appeal from the suitor follows, and the mother finally gives a rather unwilling assent, with the proviso, if the father is willing. This is a needless precaution on her part, for, as a rule, the father is only too willing to ease himself of the burden of the daughter's support.

"All this time the poor victim is in the next room, where she has heard every word, and understands her mother's tactics perfectly well. All preliminaries arranged between lover and mother, the daughter is called in to receive the maternal blessing, instead of which she falls on her knees before her mother, praying not to be taken from her. She describes the beauties of her virgin life, and declares she has no wish to change it. The daughter finally yields her consent.

"The young people then kneel to receive the paternal blessing, which is given with a great deal of ceremony, after which the priest is called upon to bestow his blessing, which is very beautiful and impressive, and at the end he places a ring on the hand of each. This concludes the engagement ceremony, after which tea is served and all the neighbors are called in to join in the festivities.

"The engagement ceremony concluded, the lovers are then free to make their own arrangements in regard to the time and place of marriage. They visit and receive friends, and are considered almost the same as married."—*N. Y. Telegram.*

## CONVERSATIONAL BORES.

### Brainless Individuals Who Talk Without Expressing Thoughts.

Conversation among persons who are very intimate should be the best conversation, as no one need speak unless he feels impelled so to do by the stirring of thought within; but the inveterate small-talker has lost the power of distinguishing between the talk that expresses thoughts and the talk that merely articulates sounds. His idea of talking is confined to the practice of "making" conversation; even in argument he passes much time in repeating what has been said in slightly different words; and, when no subject is under discussion, and when he is not gifted with high talents, the grotesque artifices to which he is sometimes reduced would be absurd if they were not so irritating. If he only talked, and said nothing that insisted on answers, he might more easily be forgiven; but this is rarely his way. An irritating small talker, who, though in reality neither deaf nor absent-minded, eked out his speech by insisting on having every thing that was said to him repeated twice, sometimes thrice. I have known to repeat his "What was that you said?" after he had answered the remark that had been made, and when this was pointed out to him he only smiled the satisfied smile of the small talker, who thinks his sins merits, and does not blush to own them. Such a small talker calls these atrocious delinquencies conversational talent, and because it is sometimes necessary to speak idly thinks it is a good deed to do so at all times rather than maintain a wholesome silence. But, indeed, others beside these obvious criminals sin in speaking idly.

Small talk has its uses in expressing indefinite friendliness, though even this would probably be better expressed by some inarticulate sound, if we could only agree on one; but it should never be forgotten that small talk—or talk of no consequence—is in itself of less than no value, and that if on all occasions, except those of necessity, we put our energies to improving our ideas rather than to uttering words; in short, if we talked less and thought more, we and our friends would in all cases be much the better for it.—*London Queen.*

### Climbing the Ladder.

Gentleman (to tramp)—Why do you ask for only a penny, my man? Most of you people want nickels and dimes?

Tramp—Yes, sir, but I'm a new hand at the business, an' I want to begin right; make it a dime, though, if you like.—*N. Y. Sun.*

## A ROMANTIC COUNTRY.

### Interesting Information About the Caucasus and Its Capital.

Tiflis, the capital of the Caucasus, is a large town situated in a valley and surrounded by mountains of varying heights. It posesses very wide, sanitary streets, bordered on each side by a row of trees, which confer grateful shade on the foot passengers in this tropical weather.

Some of the buildings are also very fine, especially those connected in any way with the Russian Government. The most interesting portion of the town is the Asiatic quarter, among the booths and bazars of which a stranger meets with all kinds of strange sights and sounds. Here are men of all nations. The Georgian, Russian, Persian, Armenian, Greek, Jew, etc., who, rushing to and fro through the narrow streets, some on horseback, others riding in phetons, create a medley only to be seen and appreciated in an Eastern city.

The shops, or rather booths, in this quarter, are exceedingly interesting, containing all kinds of ancient relics, things to delight the eye of the antiquary and curiosity collector. Here are situated the famous hot sulphur baths, renowned for their curing properties for skin diseases of all kinds. The waters of these baths are unadulterated, running directly from the spring into the bath ready for use.

Not the least quaint is the Georgian costume which, although uncouth and wild, is very picturesque. It is composed of a long buffalo hide made into the shape of a very large cape, which being suspended from the shoulders reaches to the heels. Under this a long gown is worn, ornamented on each side of the breast with little case-like pockets, originally intended for cartridges. Round the waist a belt—silver or gold—beautifully embossed, serves to hold the numerous arms in which the real Georgian delights. These weapons, although worn exclusively for ornaments, are very real, and consist of a "kinjal" (long native knife) stuck slantwise into the belt, a dagger, the sheath of which is also embossed, and last, but not least, a revolver ready for immediate use.

Very good sport can be enjoyed here, hares, goats and hares abounding in abundance in the neighboring forests.

The commodities are wonderfully cheap here, among which figures the native (so-called "Khakatinsky") wine. This is sold in skins of various sizes, the usual small skin containing about eight quarts, costing from two to four roubles (four to eight shillings.) Of course, much commoner wine can be obtained, which is naturally cheaper.

The real Khakatinsky wine is rather expensive, that of the best quality being grown in the Caucasus. It obtains its name from the beautiful province wherein it is cultivated, viz.: "Khakaty," which is situated about seventy versts from Tiflis.

It is a matter of great surprise to me, after having experienced a few of the beauties of this comparatively unknown part of the world, that it is not better known and appreciated by our English and American tourists, who would find abundance of mountain scenery, equal in point of beauty to any in the world.—*Tiflis Cor. Detroit Free Press.*

## THE PLUM CURCULIO.

### How to Exterminate This Destructive and Numerous Parasite.

There seems to be no doubt whatever but what the plum curculio (*Conotrachelus nenuphar*) can be well nigh exterminated everywhere and regular crops of the stone fruits grown by simply spraying the trees with arsenical poisons (Paris green and London purple) in water; (1) so soon as the buds begin to swell in the spring; (2) two weeks after the petals fall; (3) then after three weeks again, and (4) for perfection, so soon as through blossoming, with a weak kerosene and soap emulsion. This (4) will kill the leaf lice (aphidæ) and plant bugs (hemiptera) that puncture the young fruit and cause it eventually to rot. A Michigan gentleman told me that he had two large, thrifty European plums. "They bloomed freely each year, but the curculio laid her eggs in nearly every plum, and all the fruit that was not wormy rotted before ripening. Spring before last I sprayed the trees thoroughly once with London purple in water about two weeks after the blossoms fell. That season they matured so great a crop of the finest fruit that I was obliged to prop up all the branches. But to my sorrow this large crop so weakened the vitality of my trees that the next spring both were dead. The spraying seemed to kill nearly every curculio, scarcely a fruit showed her ovipositing work, and the plums all ripened without rot." This shows two valuable lessons: (1) Spraying has proven a success, and (2) an overburdensome crop is deathly, especially to a plum.

These sentiments are exactly in line with sense, reason and experience, and especially with our native plums; for these fruits are the natural food plant and breeding place of the plum curculio. This beetle passes the winter in the beetle state, "holed up" like a woodchuck, and emerges in the spring hungry. She at once seeks her natural food plant—these plums—on which to feed, seemingly in preference to all other trees. She usually reaches them before they bloom; therefore just before the blossoms open is the time to spray the trees. But for some reason many of the beetles do not lay their eggs in the fruit until June; hence the necessity of late spraying, for it is possible that these late egg-laying beetles reach the trees late. If the native plums are not within her reach the beetle is forced to accept allied plants of the almond family to which the plum belongs, such as the cherry, peach, apricot, etc., and lay her eggs in their fruits. It is of course possible that the cherries, being so close akin to the plums, they may be as acceptable to her for food as the plums, but it is hardly probable. Therefore it is entirely reasonable that, if we have plenty of native plums in and around our orchards of other fruits, by spraying the plums we will destroy this curculio sufficiently for all practical purposes, and so protect all the other fruits from her destructive work. —*D. B. Wier, in American Garden.*

## LIFE IN MINNESOTA.

### Pleasant Reminiscences Concerning Its Cool, Shady Climate.

My attention has been called by something I have seen in the papers to the cool, shady climate enjoyed by the State of Minnesota during several months of the year. I spent the early part of my life in the State, and listened many thousand times to the statement concerning the dry air. Perhaps my earliest remembrance is of the doctor standing over the cradle and looking down at me. "Of course," said the physician, "he is squint-eyed and red-headed in the extreme, but our fine, dry atmosphere will bring him out all right."

The people of Minnesota have never, as a class, lost their enthusiasm on the subject of the dry air and the impossibility of feeling the cold. Some individuals have, of course, lost some of their ardor, but the people as a whole remain true. I refer above particularly to a man I once saw get up in a public meeting to speak in eulogistic terms of the dry air. He had just opened his mouth to begin, when a long, gray streak of it happened to come in the key-hole and freeze his mouth open, so that it was necessary to put his head in the oven to thaw it out.

This booming the dry air is discouraging work, but still the hardy Minnesota pioneers keep on. Nothing daunts them. A member of the Legislature rises in his place to introduce a bill declaring Minnesota a winter resort, only to find his teeth frozen together. But the bill is eagerly seized by the nearest member and passed, and becomes a law.

They know no such word as fail. The rugged Minnesota editor sits in his office, and while the dry air whistles around the corner and blows the old pair of pantaloons out of the broken window-pane, he writes an article on "Cool, Dry, Minnesota Weather versus Southern Rain and Slush."

There, amid the roar of the crisp, dry blizzard, surrounded by the howl of the business manager for more coal on the fire, hemmed in by the harsh rasping of the surgeon's saw as he amputates the frost-bitten right leg of the city editor—there, I repeat, with an ice palace to the right of him and a toboggan slide to the left of him, and amid the squeaking of the mercury in the thermometer as it sinks to still lower depths, sits the vigorous Minnesota editor writing an editorial on "Frost and Health, as Opposed to Malaria and Death."

Several years ago a man by the name of Johnson came out to Minnesota. He had never had any experience with blizzards, but the people all assured him if he was ever caught out in such a storm he wanted to hang on to a tree if he could find one. There were so many trees growing up in the country now, they said that the storms had lost much of their force. They told him anybody could find his way in a storm if he could only get to some trees. Shortly afterwards, while a large bluish-gray blizzard was tearing about the country, this man had occasion to go to a neighbor's place a mile or so distant. With a calm, childlike faith which it was beautiful to see Mr. Johnson cut down a couple of small fruit trees, took them under his arm, and walked out into the unknown, trackless storm. After he had wandered three days and three nights he ran onto an agent for a nursery frozen stiff and with over a hundred trees in his wagon. Then Mr. Johnson lost faith in trees and lay down beside the agent.—*F. H. Carruth, in Chicago Tribune.*

## HAWLEY AN INVENTOR.

### Two Patents From Which the Connecticut Senator Receives an Income.

Senator Hawley, of Connecticut, told me the other day that he was an inventor, and had taken out two patents, from which he was receiving a good income. One of them is for a pocket compass, and the other for a leather or rubber base or washer at the end of a cartridge. Said he:

"I have always been very much astonished at the way in which a great idea crept out of me, but it proved to be a profitable and useful one. I was with a friend one day, a gun manufacturer in my town, who was telling me of the difficulty he met with in securing the requisite amount of elasticity at the base of a projectile. Without a moment's reflection I asked him why he didn't put on a piece of rubber or leather. He looked a me with a gratified surprise and said it was curious no one had thought of it, but it seemed to him to be not only the simplest but the best thing. It was tried, worked like a charm, and then my friend made application for a patent in my name. It was granted, machines were constructed for placing the washers upon the cartridges, and they are now in general use. I get a handsome royalty out of it."

"And the other patent?"

"That was for a compass, a tube about as big as a lead pencil, only not so long, which can be carried in the vest pocket or hung from the watch-chain. It is a neat little thing and convenient."—*Washington Letter.*

### Japanese Sacred Nuts.

A quantity of Japanese sacred nuts, the first ever brought to this country, has just been received at a Broadway fruit store. They are called sacred from the fact that they are used in certain forms of Japanese worship. The nuts are placed on the altar and ignited. They burn with a bluish flame and give off a peculiar odor. They are rich in oil, and the fumes are supposed to rise as incense to the gods. They grow under water, have a leaf like a pond lily, and are shaped like a steer's head, with two projecting horns. This resemblance is so great that it is difficult to believe that they are not carved. In the raw state they are hard and tasteless, but when cooked they have the flavor of boiled chestnuts. They retain their qualities ten or fifteen years, and are fit for food when even twenty years old.—*N. Y. Mail.*

—Alexandria, in Clark County, Mo., was once the Gretna Green of the West, where hundreds of young couples from Iowa, Illinois and Missouri were united without license and without question. Justice Gillam, now an old resident of Alexandria, was most in demand to tie the knot for the eloping couples, and reaped a rich harvest for his pains.

## AN EYE OF FIRE.

### One of the Most Wonderful Things Done by the Electric Light.

When it was discovered that an artificial light that very closely resembles the natural light of day could be produced from electricity, and that it could be so easily provided as to take, in a great measure, the place of gas for lighting purposes, every body was naturally astonished and thought that the electricians were the greatest men on earth. The new system was hardly old enough to be an assured success before a lot of wise men began considering the advisability of devoting this light to a greater purpose than that of merely lighting up the humdrum affairs of every-day life.

As an experiment, a small incandescent light was thrust beneath the water in a fountain. The effect was superb while it lasted, but the water managed to work its way into the globe and the light was extinguished. This gave the electricians something to think about, and they began immediately to rack their brains for a means of keeping the water away from the source of light. A coating of rubber was finally placed over the joint where the glass globe joins the brass holder, and over this was drawn a rubber bag that fitted tightly over the top of the globe and around the pipe through which the wire passed. This promised to be successful, but a brief experiment showed that the glass was not strong enough to stand the pressure of water, and after being exposed to it for a short time would collapse. A globe was then made of plate glass that proved able to stand the strain.

For some time this was only used in lighting up fountains by way of an ornament. Then it occurred to Prof. Baird of the United States Fish Commission; that if a light could be used under water it would prove of great advantage to him in his search, for fish that never allowed themselves to be caught by any of the old-fashioned methods. He believed that there existed at a great depth in the ocean various kinds of fish that had never been seen. Every boy who has ever lived near the water knows that a favorite method of catching eels is to lure them within spearing distance by a bright light placed in the bow of a boat. Light not only attracts eels, but every thing else that lives in the water, and the professor was sure that if a light could be made to live at a great depth in the water the reward would be great.

The steamer Albatross, of the commission, was provided with an engine and a dynamo. A liberal supply of heavy glass globes that would hold a light equal to the lighting power of one hundred candles, was placed on board, and equipped with other necessary articles, such as a lot of insulated wire, a large quantity of light, strong rope, and a number of heavy weights to serve as sinkers, the steamer started out. The first attempt was unsuccessful, for at a depth of 1,000 fathoms the pressure was so great upon the globe that it broke. Another trial was speedily made with heavier globes, and they were found able to stand the pressure of any depth to which they could be sunk. But the most wonderful part of this trial trip, which took place something like three years ago, was related to Secretary Frank S. Hastings, of the Edison Electric Light Company, by Prof. Baird.

At a point near the Bahamas, according to the professor, the light was dropped overboard and sunk by means of heavy weights to nearly one thousand fathoms below the surface. On the deck of the vessel stood the crew with nets ready to drop them under the fish that were lured from their homes in the great depth. The light was allowed to remain in the water for some time and then it was slowly raised. It looked like the reflection of a star in the water at first, and its rays were seen, and in them were visible the forms of darting fish. The light soon lit up water for twenty feet around, and a weird assortment of fish that had never before been heard of was seen. When near the surface the entrails of some of these fish burst from their mouths. "The professor ascribed this," said Mr. Hastings, "to the inward pressure. Nature had made them so that they could live in the great depths in which they were found, and when this pressure of the deep water was removed there was a counteracting force that killed them."

The dead fish were just as useful for the purpose for which the professor wanted them as live ones, and he gathered in a great many rare and curious specimens without much trouble. The light was also used to good purpose for discovering the various depths in which different kinds of fish lived.—*Chicago Times.*

## AN INDIAN ORATOR.

### A Speech Which Recalls That of the Famous Chief Logan.

The Cœur d'Alene Indians are said to be the best behaved in our Territories. The Indian Commissioners who visited them to treat for a part of their reservation for the Spokanes, say they have among them a high degree of civilization. Their chief, Seltice, made a speech which recalls that of the Indian chief, Logan, once so common in the school books of the country. He said:

We understand that the paper which we signed is to go to Washington to be seen by the President and the Great Council. I know your hearts with regard to it, and they are good. However you fix it, it will be right; but I plead with you, I implore you, I call on the Great Father, who will hear me, preserve for us and our children forever this reservation, where are our schools, our churches, our homes, our graves, our hearts. The Government has now thought of our claims for our lost land, and they have sent you to us. Of this we are glad, but neither money nor land outside do we value compared with this reservation. Make the paper strong; make it so strong that we and all Indians living on it shall have it forever. We also wish you to make our schools and our churches so strong that they will be here forever for our children, when we have passed away from the world and gone to the Great Father above.—*Chicago Times.*